Six Excellent

NEW SONGS.

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Entered according to Order.

THAT'S THE REAL DANDY.

THE cant word now throughout the town,
So fam'd & of so great renown,
Will shortly be, I hope, pull'd down,
It took its rise from Brandy.

The reason is easy understood,
A cobler's wife thought Nantz so good,
Who as she sipt the pleasing food,
Cry'd isn't that the Dandy.

The Cobler passing by the shop,
To taste the Cordial in did hop,
And finding Nell had got a drop,
He spy'd a stick most handy.

And round the Beggar-maker's place,
With it poor Nell he did so lace,
Till she with sad distorted face,
Cry'd Jobson that's the Dandy.

Of this word he could make no sense,
So straightway dragg'd his charmer hence,
But first he paid dear twenty pence,
That she had drunk in Brandy.

And as he haul'd her thro' the street,
For she, the child had lost her feet,
To every person she did meet,
Cry'd that's the real Dandy.

A Chimney Sweeper heard the ſun,
As he thro' the ſtreet for ſoot did run,
Crying, fire and ſmoke, we're all undone,
By drinking ſtout at Brandy.

NANNY of the HILL.

ASSIST me, ev'ry tuneful bard,
oh lend me all your ſkill;
In choiceſt lays, that I may praiſe,
ſweet Nanny of the Hill.
Sweet Nanny of the Hill.

How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,
that gilds the cryſtal rill!
But far more bright than morning light,
ſhines Nanny of the Hill.
Dear Nanny of the Hill.

The gayeſt flower, ſo fair of late,
the evening damps will kill;
But every day more freſh and gay,
blooms Nanny of the Hill.

Old Time arreſts his rapid flight,
and keeps his motion ſtill,
Reſolved to ſpare a face ſo fair,
as Nanny of the Hill.

To form my Charmer, Nature has
exerted all her ſkill,
Wit, Beauty, Truth and roſy Youth,
deck Nanny of the Hill.

And now around the Feſtive board,
the jovial bumpers fill,
Each take his glaſs to my dear laſs,
ſweet Nanny of the Hill.
Dear Nanny of the Hill.

The SERVANTS' PEDIGREE.

WITH the buttler and houſe-keeper,
I do now begin;
From the charity ſchool
they their education bring:

Get out you ſaucy jade,
how dare you ſpeak to me,
For Hec Ball himſelf
could not tell your pedigree,

As for the jolly coachman
he looks very big;
With his three cocked hat,
and his one buckled wig:

With his fine turn'd pumps
extending to his toes;
With a whip in his hand
he looks like a glad doe.

As for the greaſy cook-maid,
ſhe is often in the pit;
Begrudging of the kitchen-maid
of what ſhe ought to get.

We'll tip her with a cordial,
and take her in the gig,
Then ſhe'll pawn her ſmoke & petticoat
to dreſs her periwig.

There is a nurſe into this houſe,
has the worſt of bad luck;
And we dare not ſpeak a word
for the ſpoiling of her ſuck:

When her new milk days are over,
we'll ſend her out to graſs,
And we'll pay her off the old ſcore,
with kicks upon her arſe,

As for the nurſes helper,
ſhe turns up her ſnout,
And we dare not ſpeak a word,
while ſhe's waſhing of the clouts.

But we'll take her by the two heels,
and dip her in the ſuds,
And then we'll leave her daubling
of her little maſter's duds.

As for the lady's footman,
he walks before the chair,
With his fine ruffled ſhirt,
and his well powder'd hair:

Stand about, clear the way,
as if the ſtreets were his own,
And the devil a bit of border
on his mammy's cap at home.

PLEASURES of a COUNTRY LIFE.

FRee from noiſe and from ſtriſe,
In a ſweet country life,
I could chuſe for to ſpend all my days,
Where innocence reigns,
Flocks cover the plains,
And birds ſweetly echo the lay.

So contented they live,
With what joys they receive,
Tho' they've nothing but ground for their floor,
Juſt before the ſweet cot,
So delightful the ſpot,
Where the jeſſamine grows by the door.

So early they riſe,
Tranſported with joys,
So contented their days paſs along,
And if juſtly combin'd
With a true hearted mind,
To a wife whom all virtue belongs.

Tho' homely their food,
Their appetite's good, (pear,
Blooming health in their cheeks do ap-
Neither envy nor ſtrife
With them can reſide,
But happineſs ſhines through the year.

At the ſun's going down,
And their work being done,
They're the happieſt people on earth,
By the oak on the green,
Each couple is ſeen,
With innocent paſtime and mirth.

When harveſt is done,
With the former old ſong,
The jolly farmer among the reſt,
We will dance, ſing and ſay,
It is our holiday,
We'll have ale and good beer of the beſt.

Let the ſtates-men deſire,
What at court doth aſpire,
For his country's good let it be;
True juſtice and Pitt,
In the houſe always ſit,
And time will mend ſooner you'll find.

BLYTH JOCKEY.

BLYTH Jockey, young and gay,
is all my heart's delight,
He's all my talk by day,
and all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'tis winter then with me:
But when he tarries here,
'tis ſummer all the year.

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THE TOWN MISS.

Tune. *My fond Shepherds of late.*

MARIA my beautiful maid,
let the bulwark of Virtue appear,
Shun the crafty and treacherous blade,
who ſtrives for to ruin each fair,
When a woman but one thing doth grant,
what then my dear can ſhe deny,
O nothing, no nothing the tyrant doth want,
but readily ſhe muſt comply.

Though many exclaim 'gainſt the fair,
that they firſt their ruin began,
The truth it doth plainly appear,
thoſe girls were firſt ruin'd by man,
By flatteries the damſel complies,
with a promiſe of marriage conſents,
While the traitor, the traitor triumphs
o'er the prize,
and the fond fair too late ſhe repents,

Then the tyrant he does her compel,
his luſt at all ſeaſons to ſerve,
If marriage ſhe mentions, he'll tell,
a husband ſhe ne'er can deſerve.
For modeſty's bounds ſhe has paſs'd,
no miſtreſs ſhall e'er be his wife,
On the town, on the town, then her lot it is caſt,
in a Bagnio ſhe endeth her life.

FINIS.